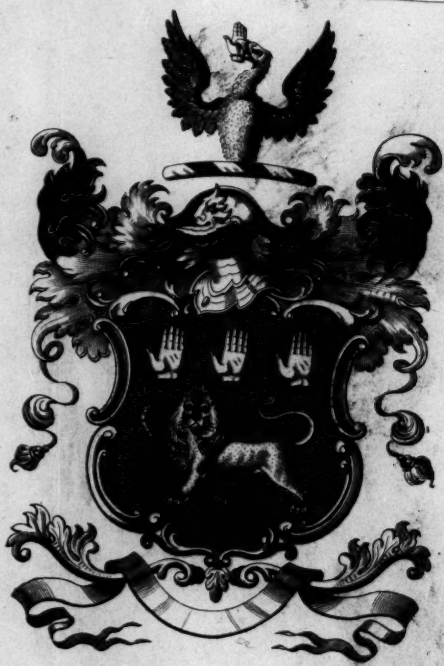
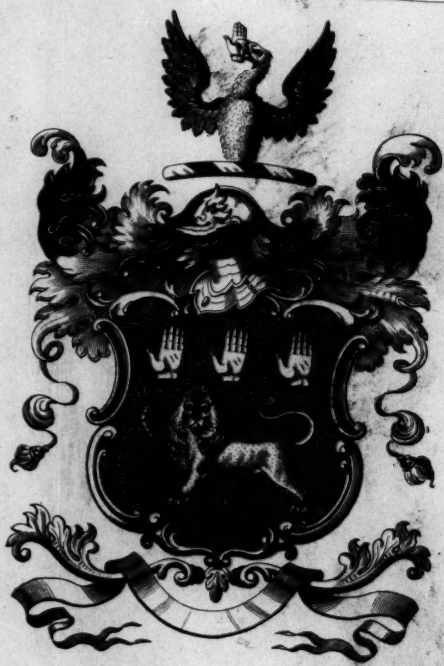




Tho^o. Jolley Esq^r. F. S. A.



Tho^o. Jolley Esq^r. F. S. A.



11795. e 20.

To Diabebouloumenon:

OR, THE
PROCEEDINGS
AT THE

Théâtre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Occasion'd by the Much Lamented Death of
the late celebrated Sir HARRY WILDAIR,
with an APOTHEOSIS, spoken on that
Occasion, and a *Tragi-Comi-Farfi-cal* SCENE
call'd,

Love and Friendship:

OR, THE
RIVAL PASSIONS.

As it was Acted before the Three *Mock Kings*,

PHYZ, TRUNK, and USH.

Faithfully collected from original MSS. and
Journals of the House, at their MAJESTY'S
Command.

By the Rt. Hon. Baron BUNGEY, Secretary
of State to their MAJESTIES.

*Semper bonus nomén que tuum laudés que mane-
bunt. VIRG.*

LONDON: Printed for T. PAYNE, at the Crown
near Stationers-Hall, 1723. Price 6 d.

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY

FOR THE
RECEIPT OF
THE
TREASURY

OF THE
NAVY

AND
OF THE
NAVY



AND
OF THE
NAVY

AND
OF THE
NAVY

AND
OF THE
NAVY

AND
OF THE
NAVY

AND
OF THE
NAVY

AND
OF THE
NAVY

AND
OF THE
NAVY



THE PREFACE.

BEFORE I enter'd upon the following Work, I thought it would not be improper, by a prefatory Discourse, to prepare the Reader's Mind for the better understanding the whole.

THE late Sir HARRY WILD-AIR had for many Years, unrival'd, reign'd the Darling of the British Nation, the Gaiety of his Behaviour, and the sprightly Vivacity of his Motion had render'd him Charming to All,

The P R E F A C E.

but more particularly to the Fair Sex : To entertain whom, his Endeavours of pleasing were as unweary'd as their Admiration ; but, alas ! Nature, tho' in its Excellence, in him, was not exempt from Decay ; it gave Way to the Incroachments of Age ; and, in his last Publick Appearance, which was on Thursday, April the 18th, 1723, his Spirits, by a too violent Suscitation, were driven from their Mansion. This unhappy, and never enough to be lamented Accident, was the Occasion of the following Proceedings, of which I shall now enter upon a Journal.



P R O.



PROCEEDINGS
ON THE
Death of S^r. Harry Wildair.

Theatre. Royal, Jovis die 18 April.

THIS Evening Sir *Harry Wildair*, Bart. late Master of the Ceremonies to their Majesties, as he was by their Command publickly entertaining the Quality in the grand *Semicircus* of the *Palace*, was seiz'd with a Lethargy, which so overpower'd his Annimal Spirits, that sensible of his approaching Fate, he declar'd himself near his End ; and, accordingly, at a Quarter after Nine, that Night, expir'd, to the general Grief and Surprize. Upon
the

the Loss of so eminent a Servant, a Messenger was instantly dispatch'd to acquaint their Majesties therewith, who immediately conven'd a Cabinet Council ; where, after proper Directions for the Body to be dissected by the Surgeons, it being late, the Business and Council was adjourn'd till the Morrow 10 o' th' Clock.



Green Room, Veneris, die 19 April.

THEIR Majesties being present, King *Trunk*, in the Order of his Course, assum'd the President's Chair ; and the Business of the Day being read according to Custom and Appointment, a Motion was made, that some extraordinary Measures should be taken, that might in some Degree extenuate the Misfortunes which seem'd impending o'er the Commonwealth from so great a Loss : This was rejected as unnecessary ; but, upon reply, importing, that Reasons, perhaps, might be expected why Persons possess'd of the Power, should deny themselves the Liberty of pleasing Mankind. The President arose, and address'd himself in the following Words.

Most

*Most Potent and much Honoured Brothers,
and you my Lords of the Council.*

‘ **H**AVE we, for this last Century,
 ‘ govern’d with an unlimited Sway?
 ‘ Have we, I say, held the Reigns of Au-
 ‘ thority with a free or restraining Hand at
 ‘ the Suffrage of our Royal Wills? Have
 ‘ we never yet deign’d to give the World
 ‘ *a Reason of our Actions*, and shall we now
 ‘ begin? Oh curst Degeneracy! No, let
 ‘ us rather raise the Structure of our Ho-
 ‘ nour higher; but at least, at any Rate,
 ‘ maintain its present Station: Let us not
 ‘ (*who to our kneeling Slaves can say, Rise*
 ‘ *up and become Kings*) dread the Clamours
 ‘ of the base-born Populace, who, if I may
 ‘ judge aright, will never dare to attain
 ‘ our Conduct; yet, should they! Have not
 ‘ we the Power of Revenge? What hinders,
 ‘ but that we withdraw our kindly Beams,
 ‘ and compel them to an Approbation.

This Speech, however vigorous, yet fail’d
 of its desir’d Success; for, still King *U^{sb}*
 insisted on the Motion made, and urg’d it
 from the following Motives: That the
 Eyes of all the World were fix’d upon their
 Behaviour at this Juncture: That it was
 a Mistake in Politicks, to imagine that the
 ‘ People

People, who had been courted with Pleasures and an indulgent Behaviour, would tamely bear a Deprivation of those Benefits, even tho' They should not arm their Carriage with Rigour and Oppression: That it highly behoved them who had appear'd with so much Glory and Reputation on the *Stage* of Life, to endeavour to make an honourable *Exit*, which he thought could not by any Means be so well compass'd, as by humouring the Caprice of the People, though it were to their small Inconvenience, lest —

Here he was interrupted by King *Phyz*, who hastily express'd himself thus: 'I thought every one here sensible, that Fear is a sordid Vice, beneath the Dignity of *Monarchs*; I am extreamly concern'd to find it otherwise, especially when there is so little Reason to place it near our Affairs. Does not the World pay us a willing Slavery? Does not Mankind even hug their Chains and own us their Supremes? Do Rivals rise and hurl us bold Defiance, or do our Subjects murmur or rebel? Oh! no, quite the Reverse. But yet, admitting the worst, and that it were even so, why secure in Self-sufficiency! *Z'blood we'd stand 'em all.*

His

His Majesty had gone on, but a Message interrupted, acquainting them that the Surgeons waited without, with their Opinions, concerning the Death of the late Sir *Harry Wildair*. They being order'd in, deliver'd their Judgments in Writing at the Table, and withdrew. Which being read by the President, it appear'd from thence that his Death was occasion'd by his too frequently swallowing of *Gold Dust*, (thro' a mistaken Belief of its being cordial) which had lodg'd upon the *Thorax* and *Jugular Passages*, and obstructed Respiration: Upon opening the Body, his Lungs appear'd sound and firm; which, in all probability, was owing to the Use of an *Oleagenous* Liquor, which the Defunct was wont to drink daily: His Brain seem'd perfect and entire, at first View, but upon the Use of a Microscope, numberless little Insects were observ'd crawling about it, but of what Shape or Form, was not possible to descry. Upon the whole it was unanimously agreed, that the abovemention'd was the alone Cause of his Death. Their Majesties express'd a very deep Concern for the Loss of so useful and worthy a Servant, and were graciously pleas'd to give instant Orders that all imaginable Honours should be paid him in the Solemnization of his Funeral. The Management of which, was humbly sub-

B

mitted

mitted to King *Trunk*, the President, but he modestly excus'd himself out of his natural Indolence and known Aversion to publick Business, whereupon it was *nemine contradicente* propos'd to King *Ush*, who was pleas'd to express an entire Satisfaction in the Task, and a vigorous Intent of paying all imaginable Honours to the Man who had amass'd such vast *Stocks* for them. And to the Furtherance of so good a Purpose, gave immediate Orders to the Messengers then attending, to cite and summon all Persons who had been immediately concern'd with the Deceas'd in any material Circumstances of Life, together with all his menial Servants, that they might be in a Readiness to attend the Commands of the Court, and then desir'd the Concurrence of the Council in a Request to King *Phyz*, (who in Right of a transcendently superior *Genius*, though indeed something derogating from his great State and Honour, was pleas'd to accept of, and did worthily hold the Place of Poet-Laureat) that he would prepare some Encomiums worthy their Gratitude, and the Merit of so extraordinary a Subject. The Method and Nature of which, was entirely left to his Skill. This Request King *Phyz* (forgetting former Animosities) was pleas'd to receive very graciously; and that he might more worthily discharge so grand a Task,

Task, desir'd Leave to withdraw and absent himself for some Time from the Council, the better to digest his Thoughts, since it was necessary that he should use Dispatch, because all farther Proceedings stood still and waited his Design. By a general Assent, he left his Chair and departed.

The *President* then mov'd for an Adjournment, but King *Ush* begg'd that they would be pleas'd to hear him one Word in relation to the former Debate ; he then proceeded to tell them, that he would by no Means have press'd the Subject so vigorously, had he not thought his Reasons for so doing were equally vehement ; but allowing all the Arguments which he before had advanc'd, were, by superior Judgment and Penetration over-rul'd, yet give me Leave to use one more ; and sure, says he, ' The
' Industry of our *Antagonists* is a sufficient
' Motive for us to exert our utmost Abilities : That they are industrious, is plain
' and obvious to all our Observations, that
' we should be so too, I believe no one
' will dissent from me in, and that not so
' much in Respect to the new Honour we
' shall get, (of which some, perhaps, may
' think they have enough already) but to
' the preserving that glorious Store which
' has been heretofore acquir'd for us. I
' could bring a thousand Arguments to
B 2 ' prove

' prove the justness of what I have urg'd,
 ' but knowing them needless to be offer'd
 ' to Persons of your sound Judgment, I
 ' shall wave them and come to my Propo-
 ' sal, which is to turn the Arts and de-
 ' structive Machinations of our Enemies on
 ' themselves, and wound them with their
 ' own Weapons ; To this End it may not
 ' be improper to premise to you that I have
 ' in my Retinue a Person, who, to declare
 ' freely to you, was some time Resident
 ' among our Adversaries, the *Lincolnienses* ;
 ' nay often admitted to their Council thro'
 ' the Merit of a tractable improving Ge-
 ' nius ; by which Means he has learn'd the
 ' Scope of their Politicks : This Man, by
 ' my Spies, did I treat with ; and, by Per-
 ' swasions and large Promises, have fix'd
 ' him my firm Vassal ; and, as a Proof of
 ' his Truth, he has given me a Scheme,
 ' which will in all Probability highly bene-
 ' fit us. However, the least it can do,
 ' will be to amuse the Peoples Minds till
 ' we have Leisure and Contrivance to em-
 ' ploy some more profitable Expedient.
 K. Uth then deliver'd in a Paper at the Table,
 which, at the President's Motion, was read :
 It contain'd a new Entertainment, to be
 presented to the People in the *Grand Semi-*
circus, after the next publick Show. It was de-
 sign'd, after the Manner of the *Lincolnienses*,
 or

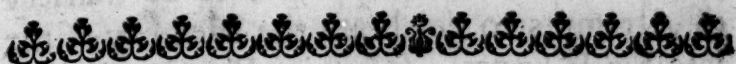
or rather it was an Improvement upon them. For whereas they had never hitherto made Use of above two Mimick Characters (which they call *Harlequins*) to please their Spectators: Now this directed and *Eight* had so contriv'd their Motions, as render'd it impossible for any one to fathome the Design propos'd. Then King *U/b* proceeded: ' This ' must be allow'd a Master-work, since the ' very Essence of Policy consists in its Obscurity, at least it is a Flight beyond the ' Attempts of our Adversaries, whose ' Schemes, hitherto, even the meanest Capacity might readily trace: Nor can it ' fail to employ the Endeavours of the People, to reconcile to Reason, why *eight* Persons, so entirely one and the same, to ' outward Show and Appearance, should yet ' endeavour, by every Motion and Gesture, ' to run counter to each other; nor is there ' a Moral wanting; for it is so contriv'd, ' that one of these Characters is to be blind-ed, that so in him the Favourers of the ' *Lincolnienses (veluti in speculum)* may ' view themselves posting blindfold after ' nothing but *Harlequins*, and tiring themselves in catching what can never be fix'd ' in Nature.'

The Scheme being read, was generally approv'd of; but King *Trunk* restrain'd his Approbation, till he was satisfy'd whether they

they design'd him one of the *eight* Persons propos'd ; alledging, that as it did not suit with his Nature, so he would sooner exhale his Moisture in a *Bagnio*, (the Thing in the World he most hated) than so far wound his Inclination. But being assur'd he was exempt, he readily pass'd it ; and, as a farther Proof of his Approbation, he desir'd that the Inventor might enjoy the Place of Tutor to his *Royal Issue*. This done, the Council broke up ; and there being Payments at their *Treasury* on the Morrow, adjourn'd their farther Sitting till *Monday* ten o'th' Clock.



Green-



Green Room, Lunæ 22 April.

Present,

King TRUNK, President.

King USH.

*Polonius; Lord Chamberlain, Sir Peter Pride, Bart. Chancellor, Don John, Don Chole-
rick Snapshorto de Testy, Don Gomez, Sir
Harry Gubbin, Knt. Baron Bungey, Secre-
tary of State.*

THE Business of the Day being read, the Council was inform'd that several Persons, without desir'd Admittance, and being order'd in, they appear'd, by their Garbs, to be *POETS*; and in such Numbers, that the Council were oblig'd to give immediate Directions to the Officers attending, to admit none, how great soever their Pretensions were, but such as had before been approv'd of by the *State*. This caus'd great Murmurings; and some who were turn'd out, were yet so importunate, as if sure of Success, to desire that their Papers might be carry'd in and laid on the Table. This Liberty was allow'd them; and, upon

on a Perusal, there appear'd to be Variety of Attempts to celebrate the Memory of the late Sir HARRY ; some in *Elegiac*, some in *Pastoral*, some (to alleviate Grief) couch'd under a *Fable*, some in *Letters to Great Men* ; and, among the rest, a *Funeral Oration*, sent by a *poor Parson*. These, their Authors, being withdrawn, were immediately order'd to be carry'd to the *Poet Laureat*, that from thence he might cull whatever might be useful in the Furtherance of his Undertaking, and they were accordingly deliver'd to *Oscrick*, the Page of Honour then waiting. Then the Officers attending acquainted the Council that they had summon'd, and accordingly every one attended the Royal Commands, but *Beau Clencher*, who they were inform'd was withdrawn out of the Kingdom ; whereupon *Don Cholorick Snapshorto de Testy* arose, and spoke as follow :

May it please your Majesties, and ye most Worthy, Grave, Wise, and eke most Rev. Se--va--tors.

‘ **L** O O K E E don't be angry --- I should, before this, have excus'd my Friend, but ye know I never was very forward to do my self or any Body else any Good, but however, --- *What is Sauce for a Goose*

' is Sauce for a Gander : Since, therefore,
 ' ye can excuse your selves for keeping
 ' such a Flock of good-for-nothing *Geese*
 ' about ye, I think ye very well may (faith
 ' I do now) *one Gander* (so let me call him
 ' to keep up the Family) for going Astray,
 ' especially *Most Potent and Right Worthy*,
 ' when ye shall know the Cause why he
 ' has done so. Why, faith then, to tell
 ' ye the Truth, my Friend *Beau Clincher*
 ' is gone neither to the *jubile*, nor *Bartho-*
 ' *lomew*, nor *Southwark-Fair*, neither does
 ' he intend it, but over Sea with Sir *Tho.*
 ' *Callicoe*, to present the *Great Mogul* with
 ' his last new and excellent *Dramatick Com-*
 ' *position*, call'd,

Distress'd Beauty; or, The London' Prentice,

' it being originally acted in his *Mogulship's*
 ' Dominions. This, most high and glori-
 ' ous Kings, and ye *great Peers*, is the Oc-
 ' casion of his Absence ; but if your Ma-
 ' jesties shall have Occasion to employ him
 ' in your Service before his Return, why
 ' here stand I, Sires, in the Circumstance
 ' of his Proxy, to receive your Mighty
 ' Mandates.' This Speech being ended, and
 ' no Business being ready for the Anvil, the
 ' Council adjourn'd till *Tuesday* nine o'th'
 ' Clock.



Martis, die 23 April.

Present the Three KINGS.

THE Business of the Day being read, King *Phyz* acquainted the Council that he had finish'd his Compositions according to their Orders, which he laid on the Table, together with the Writings deliver'd to him by *Ofcrick* the Page.

The Poets attended the Council for Answers to their Performances, and being call'd in, and standing uncover'd, were told by the *President*, in the Name of their three Majesties, that their own *Poet Laureat*, who, (and all the World acknowledg'd them to be Judges) was the *most justly celebrated and best Writer of the Age*; having prepar'd something for their Acceptance on the like melancholly Occasion, they thought it needless to trouble themselves with any thing else which would undoubtedly fall vastly short of his Performances. Their Papers being then return'd, they were order'd to withdraw, and the Council adjourn'd immediately to the *Painted Chamber*.

Painted



Painted Chamber, Mercurii die 24 April.

*The Council being met, Orders were dispatch'd
that the Lower House should instantly at-
tend their Majesties.*

Present the Three KINGS.

THE Lower House attending accord-
ing to Order.

The Works of C..... C..... Poet-Lau-
reat, occasion'd by the Death of the late
Sir *Harry Wildair*, Master of the Ceremo-
nies, were read by one of the Clerks, con-
taining as follows:

An Apotheosis, to be spoken on the Day of
his Interment, after the Manner of the
Ancients.

Love and Friendship, or, the Rival Passions,
as it is to be Acted before their Majesties
at the same Time.

Omnia vincit amor. Ovid. Mettam.

O mihi post nullos juli memorande sodales.

Ovid de Tristib.

These being severally and distinctly read, gave a general Content ; and having obtain'd the Royal Assent, were deliver'd to King *Ush*, with Orders that every thing should be got ready with the utmost Speed : Then the Lower House withdrew, and the Council broke up.

An ORDER.

U S H, R.

Whereas we have found it necessary that several Members of our Lower House be employ'd in solemnizing the Funeral of our late Right Trusty and Well-belov'd Counsellor, Sir Harry Wildair : We do hereby strictly charge and command each and every of them, to whom these Letters shall come, to attend us forthwith at our Apartment in our Royal Palace, on Pain of our highest Displeasure.

Given at our Royal Palace Sign'd
in *Drury-lane*, this 30th
Day of *April*, 1723, and
in the 12th Year of our
Reign.

U S H, R.

and underneath Bungey.

Mercurii



Mercurii, Maii Primo.

THE Day of Interment being come, their Majesties, accompany'd each by their respective Consorts, the chief Lords and Ladies of the Court went to the *Area*, through which the Procession was order'd to pass; and being seated on Chairs of State, the Ceremony proceeded as follows:

First came *Tom Errand*, Porter in ordinary to the Deceas'd, and their Majesties Porter, with Staffs, two Trumpets, two Drums, two Trumpets, one Kettle-Drum, twenty Supernumeraries, two and two, each bearing, inscrib'd on a Pole, the different Parts the Deceas'd had appear'd in, in the most celebrated publick Entertainments. their Majesties Band of Musick, Sir *Harry's* Valet, bearing a Lawrel Crown on a Cushion, and his Train born by *Clincher*, Jun. two Gentlemen in Cloaks, the one trailing a File and Truncheon, the other holding a Comic Mask turn'd topsiturvey; Mr. *Vizard*, in the Habit of a *Free-Mason*, immediately preceeded the Body. And being come into the *Area*, ascended a *Rostrum*, famous for its Antiquity, it being the same in which

Brutus

Brutus and *Anthony* pleaded to the Roman People o'er the Body of *Cæsar*, and had been plac'd there by Order of King *Phyz*, on this no less melancholly Occasion. Then came the *Body*, laid on a handsome Bier, dress'd extremely rich, deck'd with emboss'd Work, and lying on a Pall of Beggars Velvet, which was supported by the two Princes, *Hamlet* and *Juba*, (who had so entire an Esteem for the Deceas'd, that they freely own'd they liv'd but in him) Sir *George Airy*, Sir *Charles Easy*, Sir *George Jealous*, Sir *Philip Luckless*, Barronets, who had been likewise his intimate and familiar Friends. The *Body* being brought in, was rested at the Foot of the *Rostrum*, and the Bearers withdrew to Seats prepar'd for them. Immediately after the Corps came, *Jubilee Dicky*, chief Mourner, apparell'd like an ancient Roman Cheif, supported on the Dexter Side by *Beau Clincher*, represented by his Proxy, *Don Cholorick Snapshorto de Testy*, and on the Sinister by Alderman *Smugler*. His Train, born by four Pages, belonging to her Grace the Queen of *Fairies*, his Aunt, The Members of the Lower House, two and two, clos'd the Procession.

Being all enter'd, and having repair'd to their respective Places, after the usual Form of proclaiming Silence, thus the Orator began :

The

The APOTHEOSIS.

Vizard. Friends, *Britons*, Countrymen, pray let me borrow your Ears.

K. *Phyz*. Hold, hold, Mr. ———a———
 What-de-call-'em, let me speak a Word or two before you go forwards. Most noble, wise, and truly honoured Brothers, I cry you Mercy : I had quite forgot, but you know 'tis absolutely necessary to prepare your Minds for the better understanding my Design ; for you are sensible I write so prodigiously deep, (as one may say) and all that, *that egad* it would be utterly impossible, without my previous Assistance, to dive to the prime Design, or even to find out the Wit of Abundance of my very beautiful Expressions : Besides, I am confident you are very much surpriz'd at my introducing *Vizard* in the Habit of a *Free-Mason*. Why 'tis keen *Satyr* egad. Ha, ha, ha. — What d'ye not smile yet, Brothers ? Why is it possible you should not as yet see my Meaning ? A most admirable Analogy ! Why by making my *Vizard* a *Free-Mason*, I make all the *Free-Masons Vizards*. Ha, Brothers, *Poynant egad* ; but Mum for that : What I think necessary to make appear to you next, is my Intention in calling this an *Apotheosis*,
 because

because you know I'm always used to point out the Beauties of my Works as I meet with them, so I have chose this Name, which permits me to do so as I shall explain to you: Pray observe me; *and*, in the *Greek*, is *from*, and *Thesis* is the Subject we treat on; that is, from the Subject which I must necessarily be in my Excursions: Is this not now an excellent Contrivance, Brothers? I dare be bold to say, no Man in *England* cou'd have found out this Distinction but my self.

K. *Urb.* 'Tis likely not, Brother; for I don't take that to be the true *Etymology*.

K. *Phyz.* Aye but it is, Brother; for you know it is my Way, as I could bring you several Instances: But besides, I had another Reason for calling this an *Apotheosis*: Amongst the Papers you sent me, I honour'd one so far as to take Notice of some Hints (you know I'm always just enough to acknowledge my Obligations) but I vastly improv'd them that's certain; but that the Author might not think himself injur'd, I put this new Name upon it; for his, if you remember, was call'd, *A Funeral Oration*: So there's Policy as well as Wit, Brothers, in it. Now Mr. — go on.

Viz. Friends, *Britons*, *Conntrymen*, pray let me borrow your Ears.

K. *Phyz.*

K. *Phyz.* Hold: Lookee there, Brothers, I have improv'd even upon *Shakespear* himself; but that, you'll say, is no new Thing, I have ever done it. Why faith that's true, I am not vain, but let me have my Deserts: And the young Prince, my Son, even at this tender Age, begins to do it. The Man was certainly a fine Writer, for the Times he liv'd in, but all the World must allow, he fell infinitely short of the *Delicately* and *Belle Air* of my Language, as I will only instance to you in this one Particular, tho' I could in a Thousand. *Shakespear* says, Lend me your Ears; plain blunt, Lend me your Ears. Now, Sires, I address you like a Gentleman. Pray shall I borrow your Ears --- there, Brothers, --- adad there's no Comparifon---every Word is *Bullion*.

Viz. Lend me your Ears, but keep your Eyes your selves, you will need 'em to vent your Griefs for this great Loss, as I do now.
(*weeps*)

K. *Trunk.* Aw --- that's very fine, very fine.

K. *Phyz.* 'Gad that's excellent; did you observe, Brothers, he first tells ye you must weep, but then, lest his Words should not be prevalent enough, he incites you, by his own Example. This I order'd so, Brothers, to give the World the Lye; for you know it has been scandalously reported, that

D

I could

I could never raise Distress in *Tragedy*, but egad, here, I have nick'd it : I shall strike the Male-content Rogues dumb with this, Ha, Ha, Ha.---But go on.

Viz. But send your Hearts to the distress'd Fair, both to console the mighty Loss of theirs, which by this Ruin have been riv'd in twain ; and, to preserve your own from the same Fate, lest Beauty should want Vassals.

K. *Phyz.* Thought upon Thought, Gallop a Gallop, a Race of Wit, Brothers. Egad, tho' I say it, there has not been so good a Speech wrote this Century : Here's a *Gemini* of Complements in one ; first to the Deceas'd, and then to the Ladies ; not to say any Thing of the Thought or Tenderness of the Diction, but I am allow'd to be the best Man in the World for a Complement.

Viz. Since we have taken this Care of our selves and the fair Sex, let us now appease the Shade of our Hero : This is no more than a grateful Debt of Justice and Honour. O ye Britons ! late his Fellows and intimate Companions, This is an Offering we must pay to his Manes while we stand before his awful Pile. To enlarge on the Cause of this present Assembly, would only heighten the Anguish, which is needless ; for never was Sorrow in greater Pomp ! The Bay is chang'd

chang'd to Yew, and the Lawrel Crown to a Cypress Bondage ! The Foil is laid aside, the sprightly Consort is grown Languid, and all the Arts of Gallantry and Mirth are cover'd o'er with Sable ; yet it affords a Gleam of Pleasure, to think his Fame below will be everlasting ! All the Muses forbid that to die, and have order'd their darling Son to deck his Urn, and set an unfading Bloom upon his Memory.

K. Phyz. Gadso, Brothers, I cannot let this Speech pass without observing to you my Modesty ; all modern Authors set their Names in the Frontespiece of their Works, as even your paultry Painters do theirs, at the Bottom of their Pictures, So fond are Fools of appearing in Publick : Now I have no Manner of Taste that Way, but yet, that it might not be thought I was ashamed to own this, I have hinted my self to be the Author in that last Paragraph : I'll speak it you again. *All the Muses forbid that to die, and have order'd their darling Son.--* 'Tis plain enough, and I believe the World will readily take it. How say you, Brother ?

K. Ush. Doubtless, King Phyz.

K. Trunk. Brother, without doubt.--Aw-Viz. *This lets the Eye into a Maze of Wonders : Where to fix a Beginning, is equally as hard as to put a Bound to it : The first*

(28)
Beam, arises from his personal Figure : In every Part we meet with a Profusion of all that is excellent : All the Gods combin'd to finish him : Venus and Mercury were kind alike to the Hour of his Nativity : They made the happy Infant all over beautiful and—

K. Trunk. Hold, hold, Mr. —. How, Brother, Beautiful! I'm afraid that will never do ; all the World knows that to be a palpable Story.

K. Phyz. You know nothing at all of the Matter, Brother ; Why is not this an *Apotheosis*, Sir? and then we are allow'd to say ten Times more than what's true. But supposing it had not been so, do you think I would ha' been confin'd ? No, for no Man's Pleasure I'll assure you.

K. Trunk. Nay, nay, Brother, I ha' done. Aw--aw--

Viz. From the Moment of his Birth, the Graces were appointed to attend and form him ; polish'd in Address and refin'd Manners, as in the Gifts of Nature fit to adorn a Stage, and shine among Heroes and Heroines : Even Malice was soften'd by him ; and he reign'd the Delight and Admiration of Mankind.

K. Ush. Hold, a little, Brothers, if I mistake not, this is *verbatim* the same, with the Parson's Oration.

K. Phyz.

K. *Phyz.* Tell me News, Brothers ; but what of that, pray ?

K. *Ufb.* Why suppose you should be censur'd for stealing other Mens Works ?

K. *Phyz.* Suppose, Sir ; you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your Suppose, I suppose it to be mine : Did not I give it a Name, Sir ? And I believe I may go beyond supposing it a favourable Acceptance : I'm sure I have been applauded for some Things that I had a less Title to : What was my *C——s* *H——d* ? I call it mine, because the World allows it to be mine ; tho' I'll take my positive Oath, I never writ one Line on't : *Cum multis aliis.* Suppose, *Quotha* ; if I do suppose, it shall be, that no Body will dare to censure me ; or, if they should, I'll assure you I should not *be at all mortify'd at it* ; for I have a good Head-piece of *Brass*, and I fancy I need not dread any Body when I'm arm'd with *Steel*. — How ! my Brother *Trunk* asleep ! Egad, I believe you both combin'd to be ill-natur'd and affront me : Oh monstrous ! sleep over so good a Thing ! Come down, Mr. —, come down ; I say, egad, they shan't hear one Word more on't, I'll punish them, *split me else*. Come down, Mr. — I say ; Ifackins, I could find in my Heart to countermand the Scene too, but that I will not disappoint so much fine Company ; besides, I'm too good-natur'd a Fool.

K. Trunk. —aw—aw, I never heard so before, Brother — but you know I fatigu'd my self last Night in representing to the Court Ladies the Passion of a young Lover.

K. Phyz. Z'blood, Brother, why thou know'st no more of Fatigue than I do of Modesty. I dare say, I might have insur'd thy Oil for a Trifle.

K. Ush. For Shame forbear to Quarrel before this publick Assembly; and since we must hear no more of the Speech, e'en let the Ceremony pass on.

Orders being given, and the Procession rank'd as before, it march'd off in excellent Form; and, after a small Time of waiting, a Herald enter'd, and deliver'd himself thus.

*Her. The Actors wait without all in Disguise,
The Orders of your triple Majesties.*

K. Phyz. Bid them then enter all with watery Eyes. (Exit Herald) Now, Brothers, if you can keep your Eyes open, I'll shew a Scene of Scenes; writ with Fire and Passion, that shall rave and foul Handkerchiefs with e'er a Scene that ever was penn'd; and if it were to appear in Publick, I dare swear it would Pit, Box, and Gallery it with e'er a Stock Play of 'em all; but however, you shan't say I'm Self-conceited, you shall judge it your self, So come on there.



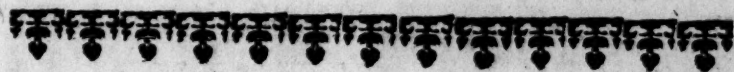
Love and Friendship :

OR, THE

Rival PASSIONS.

A

Tragi-Comi-Farsical SCENE.





Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

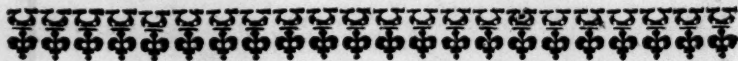
WOMEN.

Jubilee-Dicky,
Bean Clincher,
Alderm. Smuggler

Lady Luremel,
Maids and At-
tendants.

CHORUS of *Sighs and Groans.*

SCENE the Monument of Sir Harry
Wildair.





Love and Friendship:

OR, THE

Rival Passions, &c.



Enter Jubilee Dicky, supported by Beau Clincher and Alderman Smugler. Chorus of Sighs and Groans.

Dicky.

NO farther, Friends, let me drag on your Care,
 But leave me to indulge my dire Despair:
 Scorn'd by my Children, beaten by my Wife,
 I yet cou'd bear the weighty Load of Life.
 But since he's gone, who with his living Breath
 Call'd me his *Dicky*, give, oh! give me Death.
 Now he is gone, alack! I've lost my Name,
 And stand an *Oval* in the Book of Fame.

E

Smug.

Smug. Clincher, 'tis wond'rous pitiful that
same ;

'Twould make a Man stark Mad to lose his
Name,

Dicky. Pardon me, awful Shade, this foul
Disgrace,

Since Death sweeps all Distinctions, one Em-
brace,

This, and no more. Here will I lay me down !
Zoons where's the Carpet ? I shall spoil my
Gown.

K. Ush. Fye, Brother Phyz, this is a most
villainous Intrusion.

K. Phyz. Nay, 'gad that's true, 'tis his own
putting in ; but I think it fits very well.
Every one knows *he's but in Jest, and why*
shou'd he spoil his Cloaths. Here ! bring in a
Carpet. Fye, Mr. A-what's-your-Name,
you should ha' been more ready : Pray take
more Care. Come, proceed.

K. Trunk. Aye, aye, 'tis very right what
you say, and just my own Thoughts. Come,
let him go on.

Dicky. Thus will I bathe his pale Face with
my Tears,

And breathe soft Whispers into both his Ears,
Left one should fail to hear. I come, I come,
(Unscar'd by Death, altho' he looks so Grum)
To be thy Man again.

Clinch. Forbear, forbear.

Why I shall want thee at next *Sudrick-Fair*.

Dicky:

Dicky. Oh ! think not e'er to 'tice me
there again.

Why shou'd I come ? Alas ! 'twould be in
vain.

No longer shall I be the Jest of *Fair*,
Nor *Dicky's* Name engage the courting Pair.
I'm *Dicky* now no more.

Clinch. Thou'rt Little still.

Dicky. But what's a Man without a Name,
Old Will ? [to Beau Clinch.

K. Phyz. Pray, Brothers, observe what
excellent Arguments I make them use: Very
fine, egad--This is Writing !

Clinch. Tho' one Name's lost, sure thou
can'st get another ?

Dicky. No : There's no Hopes betwixt
thee and thy *Brother*.

Then give me Leave to die ?

Clinch. Nay, if you will,
You must; you have but little Blood to spil.
Then fare thee well.

Smigg. Farewel, farewell.

Dicky. I go.

Adieu to every one.

Chor. Alack ! ah ! -- oh !

Dicky. Hold, let me think awhile --- it
must be so ;

People that kill themselves, where do they go ?
Alack ! I quake for Fear ! --- I dare to die,
But that I should damn my self : Sure there's
no Reason why ?

K. *Phyz.* There's Mortality for ye---that's surprizing!

K. *Ush.* In you, it is indeed, Brother.

K. *Phyz.* Aye, but I intend to surprize you more, by and by.

Clinch. Then wilt thou live?

Dicky. I think I will, as yet,
But bear me Witness, 'tis with much Regret.

K. *Phyz.* There's a Master Stroke! *Jack Dryden's saving Art* to a Nicety : Egad I've topt it there : After I work'd him up to the Edge of Death, to save him ; and that not by any Accident, but a Topick of Morality : But I and my *Back* intend to introduce Lectures into our Plays : We intend to save the Nation all Ecclesiastical Charges --- oh ! we are two very great Patriots-- adso ! but here comes the Woman ; now you shall see Passion of all Passions--- Here's the Force of Love : My *Back* is to write me a Copy of Verses upon this Scene ; and, he says, he'll hire three or four more young Poets to do the same, or else this dull Age will never think it good.

K. *Trunk.* Never, by the Gods ! They are a Pack of dull Dolts.

Enter

*Enter Lady, Lurewel, her Hair dishevel'd,
held by two Maids of Honour.*

Lurew. Hands off ye dowdy Wench,
give me Way,
I'll wander 'till I find my *Hal*, I say.
Witness, ye Powers, I love him still; I do,
More than I e'er lov'd *Pam* in *Lantraleo*.
My Brain is crack'd, as by the Wheel of Cart;
Give me Rest, or I shall break my Heart.

K. Phyz. A most incomparable Simile,
Brothers, and I affirm it entirely new: Tho'
'tis the Consequence of every Day, yet no
Body has ever had the Sense to hit upon't
before.

Dicky. Can Passion thus excite a Woman's
Frame?
And Love too? Monstrous! then shall I be
tame.
No, to the World, Abroad, I'll prove it true,
That Friendship's Force much more than
Love can do.

K. Phyz. There's something excellent and
new again, now Brothers: Words of
such Honour and Spirit put into the Mouth
of such a *Little Man*? But I told you this
was entirely my own.

K. Ush. Methinks 'tis a little unnatural,
tho' Brother.

K. Phyz. Then 'tis the more artful, Sir;
but my *Back* likes my Design in that ex-
tremely,

tremely, and he intends to copy it too, in his next *Comedy*, where he will introduce a Dancing-Master lame with the Gout; and so he says, by the awkward Endeavours of Mr. *Finesteps*, as he calls him, The Picture will look so ugly, that it will be a Means of defacing that abominable Custom of Dancing: There's Reformation for ye now!

K. *Trunk*. Aw—aw—I wish it may succeed, for sundry good Reasons.

Clinch. See he relapses.

1st *Maid*. See! she fires again.

K. *Phyz*. Mark how regularly I make the Attendants speak *that's a vast Beauty*.

Lurew. See, see, he fleets before me o'er the Plain;

Give, give me Way! What puny Wretch art thou?

[*Meeting Dicky*.]

What whiffling Whipster?

Dicky. How now, Mrs. *Crow*?

Lurew. Slave.

Dicky. Witch.

Lurew. Dolt.

Dicky. Strumpet!

Lurew. Little Tiny Thing.

Dicky. Thou o'er-grown Porpoise:

Lurew. Out thou dry'd Herring.

K. *Trunk*. Damme, but that's very good; I would clap, but that 'tis troublesome.

K. *Phyz*. Beautiful that same; 'tis not the best Rhime in the World, indeed, but 'tis
an

an incomparable Simile ; for what's more filthy than a dry'd Herring ?

Lur. What ! Do'st thou think to hide from me my Love ?

Not thou, nor Hell, nor all the Gods above.
I'll cheat ye all. Thus to his Arms I fly.

Using his kind, tho' fatal Legacy :

[pulls out a Dagger.

Yes, I defie ye all. Thus in and in *[stabs herself.*
He smiles upon me, Gods : (then you may grin)

I'll smuggle him when we shall meet below.
Cream ! Custards ! Cheefecakes ! Apples ! Ha,
ha---Oh ! [dies.]

Chor. Damnable Deed !

Dicky. Then is she, is she dead ?

If she out-dares me, I'll loose my Head.

Where are ye, Gods ! I call ye all at once ;
If ye love *Dicky*, kill him for the *Nonce*.

Now, while my Blood boils high, let me not wait

The slow, the gouty-finger'd Hand of Fate.

Will ye not hear me ? Then this welcome Steel

[taking up the Dagger.

Shall do your tardy Work : I feel, I feel

A secret Dread, why should I dread ? Adzooks,
You shall not shake me with your ugliest looks.

'Tis done, 'tis done, I've fairly pierc'd my Breast ;

[stabs himself.

Much I've to say, but Death chops off the rest.

K. Phyz.

K. Phyz. There, Brothers, see how he maintains his Character to the last.

K. Trunk. Why then it is done, I suppose—aw—I'm glad on't.

Clinch. What, is it done, *great Kings?* why then get up, Dicky. Why don't you get up? Get up, I say.

Dicky. Prithce don't be a Fool: How shou'd I get up when I'm dead?

Clinch. Why you Nizy Toad you, you are only dead in Jest, I say you are alive.

Dicky. Am I? I'm glad on't faith. Nor is not my Lady dead? [*looking about.*]

Clinch. Dead! no, you Fool.

Dicky. I'm glad on't, and I'm really alive!

Clinch. Can you feel that, you Puppy? [*kicks him*] Now are you alive?

Dicky. Yes, thankee: Huzzah, I'm glad I'm alive faith: Huzzah! [*Exeunt hollowing.*]

K. Phyz. Dogs, Rogues, Villains, make such a Shouting at a Funeral! 'tis not to be born: I'll break some of their Noddles for it--
Dogs, Rogues. [*Exit after them.*]

K. Ush. My Brother being gone, let us break up the Assembly.

And accordingly the Assembly broke up.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.

Errata. Pag. 13. l. 5. f. and Eight, r. Eight and.
Pag. 14. l. 6. f. Family r. Simile.

